

Alone

by ImperialEvolution

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Summary: There were times when it seemed Sabine would never escape the Empire.

Alone

****_A Star Wars Rebels FanFiction._****

****_Alone._****

A/N:

I am so sorry.

Disclaimer:

I don't own Star Wars Rebels. Be thankful for it.

Sabine was devastatingly tired. Her body ached as she rolled over on her bed, sketchbook and pencil beside her.

She'd fallen asleep while in her armour. Again. While drawing. Again. She was working on a sketch of Ketsu, planning to paint it onto her wall when she was finished.

Sabine started to take off her armour, stripping down to her leggings and singlet. As she changed, she caught a glimpse of the mark on her arm.

She didn't often look at it, she tried to pretend it didn't exist. It was hard to accidentally look at, but the symbol still haunted her.

On her bicep, the black tattoo marked her skin. The Imperial Crest. The same as on every Imperial uniform, transport and propaganda poster. Just when she felt free, that tattoo told her she could never

really escape the Empire.

Sabine tore her gaze away from it, angry at the spikes pricking her eyes. Crying wasn't going to help anyone, let alone Sabine Wren. She closed her eyes, counting to ten slowly.

It was going to be another long day for Sabine. Ignore Ezra's advances, run missions for Hera, help Kanan with whatever he needed, spar with Zeb, play half a dozen rounds of dejarik with Rex, and then pretend seeing Ketsu around base wasn't killing her. And if she was lucky, she'd get some time to be alone.

She used to be alone all the time. Back then, all she wanted was to have a friend, someone to stand by her. Sabine was reckless back then. She danced to close to the knife edge, too lost to care if she won the battle or died trying. But at least she hadn't been dragging anyone down with her...

Sabine choked on her tears, her vision blurring as she watched the ship disappear into the distance. Their ship. It felt like a knife in her throat - she couldn't breathe, couldn't fight.

She thought they were sisters. She could have sworn they were partners. Sabine remembered vividly the vow they took, the promise they made. Ketsu and Sabine, blood sisters, partners in crime.

The worst thing about this betrayal was that it wasn't subtle. Sabine saw the knife aimed at her back from a mile away, but she refused to face it head on. Because she was a coward. Because she refused to see the dark side of people.

So here she was, back among the blank helmets and pristine armour. Marching down whitewashed corridors, unable to meet anyone's eyes. Because in this militant world of white, no-one had eyes, nor a soul to see into. All anyone ever did was obey orders.

"Put her in the detention block," yet another white plated Stormtrooper said, indicating her with the flick of his hand.

"Her?" Even through a voice receptor, the disbelief in the new trooper's tone. "Sir, she's just a kid."

"Don't underestimate anyone, trooper." Judging by the contempt in the first trooper's voice showed how young the sceptical Stormtrooper was. "Now go."

Sabine looked at this rookie Stormtrooper through her purple and black fringe, offering a weak smile. The trooper shoved her forward, and she stumbled back into movement.

Sabine had seen and guarded detention cells many times before, but she'd never actually been in one. It was just as confined and desolate and intimidating as she'd imagined. Normally she'd love the chance to brighten up a room like this, but after Ketsu's betrayal, every fibre in Sabine's body wanted to crawl into a hole and die.

_It had all started when Ketsu saw the WANTED poster, emblazoned with Sabine's name and photo, a large bounty over her head. Ketsu

thought Sabine hadn't seen her tear down the poster and pocket it. Money was tight. Money was always tight, but this year was worse than anything they'd ever faced. There was almost no work, and Ketsu and Sabine had sold most of their gear, only keeping what they needed. Sabine could practically feel the resentment radiating of Ketsu whenever she pulled out a can of spray paint. They both knew that her art supplies were creating a large dent in their profits, but Ketsu didn't know about the many extra jobs she took on to pay for her hobby._

Ketsu didn't understand what she meant whenever she said "It's only money." She didn't understand how much their partnership meant to her.

Ketsu basically kidnapped her. She locked her up and flew to the nearest Imperial outpost. She landed the Escaper and threw Sabine and the Imperial Officer's feet, declaring that she was here for the bounty.

What made things worse was the way she said, "Sorry, Sabine. It's nothing personal - it's only money."

By the time another Stormtrooper arrived, Sabine was ready to leave the cell. The trooper unlocked her and marched her out. When she asked, he wouldn't tell her where they were going. Once they turned into a deserted corridor, Sabine swept the trooper's out from under her, ducking the laser bolt he fired. She stood over him, kicking the E-11 out of his hand. The trooper kicked at her knee, but she dodged, giving him time to get to his feet. They wrestled for a brief time, until he put her in a headlock.

Running out of options, Sabine dragged him closer to the wall. She vaulted off the wall, flipping over him. Free of the headlock, Sabine lunged at the blaster rifle, grabbing it and setting it to stun. She kicked him back and shot at him. The blue rays hit him full in the chest, and he collapsed on the ground with a satisfying clunk.

Sabine rose to her full height, the sound of boots on metal resonating toward her. She had to leave. Now.

Ever since Ketsu's betrayal and her escape, Sabine stopped drawing. She was just a ghostly imitation of her old self. She still taunted the troopers and held the same habits and sense of humour, but her enthusiasm was gone. She felt like a half, the gaping hole left by Ketsu left like an untreated wound.

She changed her hair so many times that she barely recognised her own reflection. The name _Sabine started fading out of existence, the sound of her name feeling alien to her ears._

Everything started changing when Sabine heard of rebel cell stationed on Lothal. Maybe this was her chance to leave this loneliness behind.

Sabine brought a one-way ticket to Lothal. As she boarded the shuttle, she focused on sending out an air of danger, praying that no-one would recognise her.

_When they landed on Lothal, Sabine headed for the nearest square. As

she walked, she watched the people. Anyone could be a rebel, but Sabine knew the subtle differences. She took off her helmet and shook her hot pink hair out of her eyes. She was going to find this "crew", and she was going to turn her life around._

But she couldn't do it alone.

But now? Now she had the whole crew looking out for her. They'd do anything for her, just like she'd do anything for them. Now she had something better than a friend; family. And she wished more than anything to be alone again.

There were so many times that Sabine wished Zeb didn't think of her as a sister, because if she sacrificed herself for him, he'd wish he was the one who was dead.

So many times she wished that Ezra hated her, so he wouldn't be so cut up if he wasn't there in time, or he wasn't strong enough.

She wished Hera wouldn't use the motherly tone on her, because it would be so much easier on her if Sabine were to get hurt.

She wished Kanan wasn't so protective, so he wouldn't fall on a downwards spiral when she fought the battle she wouldn't be able to win.

When she was alone, Sabine couldn't hurt anyone the way she hurt her parents when she ran away from the Empire. The same Empire who burnt the mark onto her arm.

The same Empire who ruined her life.

End
file.